

HIGH JINKS BY YALE GRADS

LACIE SAMS AND ROBIN HOODS IN A NEAR DISPUTE

It was All About Which Class's Ball Should Toss the Yale-Harvard Ball Upon the Diamond. Both Boys Get Honor in compromise—Alumni Annual Meeting.

N. H. HAVEN, June 20.—It has never been definitely decided among the graduates of Yale whether the honor of tossing the ball for the Yale-Harvard game belongs to the boy of the class which is holding its triennial reunion or the class which is back for its fifth. So there was a tie between them.

The nineteen-months-old hopeful of Yale, who was football manager for 1908, had been going through his usual morning on the campus. His father's classmates who are reuniting as the Sams had provided a pocket edition of their own uniforms for young Lacie Foster. He wore his white plug and wished the star spangled swallow tails of his coat with the best of them.

Rae Bigelow, captain of the football team from this class, spent the morning going the rounds of the class a lot of ideas about getting into physical condition to throw which he had to make. There was there with the whipping arm.

Then it sifted over from the 1905 camp that they had a candidate for the honor. He was about 5 years old. What was the 1905? The 1905 was a class of Sams and their equipment as Robin Hood and their equipment as Robin Hood and their equipment as Robin Hood.

So there was much argument as the classes paraded out to Yale Field. The Robin Hood brought their candidate across the greenward while the Sams were still in the line. The Sams were still in the line. The Sams were still in the line.

Yale Foster gave his muffled chin waders a vicious tug and dropped out of the line, taking three of his huskiest classmates with him. They went to the Yale bench, and young Mr. Rufus was handed down from the top of the tree. The argument went on while the two young men tried to lift the bats and the two young men tried to lift the bats.

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Before this could happen, though, there was a great deal of parading to be done. One thunderstorm after another cracked over New Haven as the folks were getting to their places. But everybody came just the same. The two opposing teams were practicing, but with little matters as baseball had to wait. The parade was the thing.

Under the football stands they entered the field, and then past the whole crescent of covered seats to get to the stands where they were coming to them. There were more than fifty strong, and right behind them, 76 academic and Sams, with a band that played martial hymns exclusively. This crowd of musicians from Waterbury was very strong on the sacred song of the Sams, and when the Sams were seated it came to a halt. The Sams were seated it came to a halt.

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THE CORNELL ALUMNI FROLIC

The Old Timers' Team Liked the Yale Varsity at Baseball.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 20.—An enthusiastic and noisy army of alumni invaded Ithaca today and to-night. The campus and town are theirs. Tents were pitched for all the reunited classes. There were established, but the continuing reunions and the younger classes have abandoned the far away campus for the more congenial territory about the Dutch Kitchen and kindred resorts.

The classes holding their regular reunions are those of '71, '76, '81, '86, '91, '96 and '01. While there are not so many of the older alumni in evidence, the younger generation is there with a crowd and all kinds of noise. Kid Kugler of Philadelphia, founder of the continuous reunion club, has brought his gang back with him, while '91, '96 and '01 have liberal delegations. Kugler is a young man with a zobo band, but the year he has a complete brass band outfit, furnishing all of the instruments himself.

The feature of the day, from the standpoint of the alumni, was the annual parade to Percy Field for the alumni varsity baseball game.

The class of 1903, decked out as Mexican vaqueros, made a hit. They were green and white and carried big sombreros. They escorted a prairie schooner loaded down with liquor, some of which got into the trombones of the '01 band, causing great confusion.

Chris Cook, the runner, was conspicuous in this group, while Joe Pew, the former intercollegiate hammer thrower, flouted the standard of the prairie schooner. At the field '03 turned out a couple of bareback rough riders whose evolutions astonished the crowd and Trube gave an exhibition run in front of the grand stand.

During rescue of the prairie schooner and a water wagon kept things humming. The alumni won their traditional victory in the ball game by the score of 5 to 1. Among the graduates who were present were County Judge Harry T. Brown of Buffalo, Maurice Whitney, Doug Brown, Doc Umstead, Bill MacIntyre, Paul Willis, Bob Caldwell, Jimmy Branham and Tar Young.

Meanwhile the graduating class held its class day exercises on the campus. In the university armory Gay Harbun Brown of Buffalo delivered the commencement oration, while Henry G. Sargent of New York, the memorial orator, urged the members of the class to contribute to the pledge to date.

The ivy was planted at Goldwin Smith Hall, where Emily Griffith of Utica delivered the oration. James Eugene Pennington of Ithaca, president of the senior class, delivered a farewell address. The class poem was read by Miss Mildred Evans, and the class essay by Miss Sara Bambach.

In the famous old grove in front of Lincoln Hall the exercises were concluded with the reading of the class history by David Magowan of Kane, Pa., and the class song by the class. The class song was "Nearer My God, to Thee." The band of the class was then played and the class was then played.

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SENIORS' DAY AT WILLIAMS

CLASS DAY EXERCISES JUST AS SERIOUS AS EVER.

Abbott Mills, who has been captain of the baseball team, is made class president. William Rankin, oldest graduate, not present this year.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., June 20.—Just as yesterday was the day of the alumni at the Williams commencement, so today belonged to the outgoing seniors.

It was class day, and with class day came the mothers and sisters of the new graduates and those of the seniors in their best white summer things. You couldn't walk a step along the whole length of Main street, from the Commons to the Greylock, without being confronted by them. If you were a senior it was clear you were in favor. If you weren't you knew it was time to go somewhere else.

Class day in Williams town is mostly a serious affair. As Edward P. Nichols of Boston, an alumnus back here for his fiftieth anniversary, told the alumni at their meeting this morning class day at Williams was just fifty years old today, for his class founded it. The seniors treat it with the consideration to which its years entitle it.

Class day weather is usually nothing to boast of. It is almost always too cold or too wet. This morning when the alumni meeting dispersed there were some storm clouds about and on the way to West College was a rumble of thunder and a patter of rain. But by afternoon, when the seniors gathered on the quadrangle in front of Morgan Hall for the class day procession, the hollow in the hills of the north-west showed broad patches of blue and a brisk wind was driving the clouds off over Hoosac Mountain.

They have a song here called "The Purple Hills," and the bilingering in the chapel tower played it when the time came for the senior procession to move across the lawn toward the Congregational Church, where the first class day events take place. The slope leading up to West College was the place where everybody gathered to see the senior parade start.

Abbott Mills of Pittsfield was class day president. There is nothing at commencement time that Williams seniors honor more than this class day presidency. Abbott Mills has been captain of the baseball team this spring, and they say he earned the honor. Last year it went to Stewart Templeton of Chicago, also baseball captain.

As soon as the class had fixed itself in the Congregational Church and the speakers and galleries had filled up with the folks who wanted to hear the speeches, Mills gave his talk to the class. It was a serious sort of speech, for Williams class day presidents are expected to tell something of what they think it means to get through with their years here.

When the talk was over and the class had sung a song, and Reginald D. Forbes of New London, Conn., had spoken his class poem, the men marched out of the church. The classes always follow the same route year after year. This route in Williams town was not as large as a college as it is now, composed of the buildings. The new classes have spread out into new and broader quadrangles.

The band, marching at the head of the double file of capped and gowned seniors, moved down the slope to Hopkins Hill, a building put up in memory of Maria Hopkins, president of Williams College and father of Henry Hopkins, also president of Williams College. There they had passed to plant the class ivy. John P. Loomis of Hartford, Conn., poet and Merrill N. Gates of Auburn were ivy orators.

When the class took up the march to the college library, where Redford K. Johnson of Danvers, Fred J. Webb of Minneapolis and Floyd Newton of Williams spoke. The speeches, even if they are spoken in front of the library, are not spoken in front of the library.

Over on the campus in front of Joseph Hall, near where the procession started, the window of a speech designed for the new sophomores and juniors. They learn their faults and usually have a hard time of it. The senior who addressed them for 1911 was Joe Bernard Agnew of Hartford, Conn.

This morning the Society of the Alumni, meeting in Joseph Hall, received the report of the vote on alumni trustee, a representative of the alumni on the board of trustees of the college. Elias Perry, who has already served one term on the board, was elected. His election was a surprise to those higher than his nearest competitor.

William Rankin of Summit, N. J., a graduate of Williams in 1821, sent a letter to the meeting explaining why he wasn't back, who he had charge of the efforts to raise an endowment fund for the purpose of increasing salaries of professors. He reported \$33,000 raised to date. Mr. Whitman gave his check of \$1,000 to the athletic association in recognition of the growing success of Lafayette athletes. The finances of the college were practically increased \$50,000 by the action of the trustees.

Samuel Goodale of New York, a graduate in 1851, called on the day after the summer home at South Egremont, Mass., to hold a reunion with his classmates. Ezra Peck of Albany. They are the only men left of this class. Mr. Peck told the story of the class and the story of the class.

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TAFI HERE: SEES "PINAFORE."

Thus a Tired President Refreshes Himself After His Silver Wedding.

President Taft arrived here yesterday afternoon on his way to New Haven, where as a trustee of the Yale Corporation he will participate in the commencement exercises to-day. The President was tired by the silver wedding gayeties of the last week and he took a favorite means of his to refresh up by listening to the jingles and chants of Gilbert and Sullivan in the revival of "Pinafore" at the Casino.

His brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft, accompanied the President here on his private car from Washington, where they have been house guests at the White House for the last few days.

Horace Taft, the New England brother of the President, and Charlie Taft, also accompanied him. They drove from the Pennsylvania station to Henry Taft's home on West Forty-eighth street for dinner. The entire party went with the President to the theatre.

The President slept most of the way from Washington and felt a good deal better when he arrived at his brother's home. He had in his pocket a "Pinafore" last night people have come to realize better how huge an undertaking it was. The President bore the brunt of the preparation, even to small details, himself. But he has always been able to find rest in recreation, and the theatre is his favorite rest cure in Washington.

After dinner the President's party moved to the Casino, where the curtain had been kept down until the arrival of the President. With Attorney-General Wickham at his shoulder, came to the show. The President went back to his brother's home, where he spent the night.

Charlie Taft is not looking forward to his New Haven visit with the unimpaired interest of the past. He has his final examination for Yale to take as soon as he gets on the campus.

As Aunt Della Torrey has been persuaded by Mrs. Taft to stay in Washington and rest up until June 30, Mr. Taft will go to Massachusetts with the rest of the family.

The President has a hard few days ahead of him. He returns from New Haven late to-night and spends tomorrow in New York at Henry Taft's home. New York politics will buzz there probably. Tomorrow evening he will probably be at the New York Club and Association and the Canadian Club. Manhattan Beach Hotel to-morrow night. He will leave on the yacht Mayflower for a day in Fall River and Providence, returning on the afternoon train for Washington.

THE SEAGERS. Plenty Going Now Who Didn't Care About the Coronation.

Sailing to-day by the Cunarder Lusitania, for Fishguard and Liverpool: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Phelps, J. R. Roosevelt, Philip Lydie, Cyrus H. McCord, Jr., and Mrs. Charles H. May, the Rev. and Mrs. Randolph H. McKim, E. W. Scripture, Prof. Charles P. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Towner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, R. E. Johnston, impresario, who will visit thirteen European cities in search of talent, Judge and Mrs. E. H. Carr, Major and Mrs. J. H. Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. Morton D. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. E. Francis Hyde and Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Watson.

Passengers by the White Star liner Oceanic, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton: Mr. and Mrs. Felix Adler, Mr. Homer L. Bartlett, Mr. J. S. Bassett, Dr. Charles Butler, Mr. Robert L. Dunlap, David P. Leach, the Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lyndon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lyndon, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lyndon, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Phipps.

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OPERA REVOLT ON THE PIER

THE ROBUST TENOR IN A SECOND CABIN? NEVER!

Are Not All Italian Singers Created Equal? Threat to Stay Right Here Countered With the Immigration Laws—Angustia Company Finally Off to Brazil.

The Angustia Opera Company of Sicily originally, but just arrived from Vienna, sailed yesterday for Rio Janeiro in a state of mind and about the Lampart & Holt liner Voltaire. The prima donna, Mme. Angustia, her husband, Signor Ferrarini, the manager of the company, Gustav Cecchini, and three of the leading singers had berths in the first cabin. The other members, twenty-six in all, were booked for the second cabin and they did not know it until they arrived on the pier in Brooklyn. Then they raised a mighty protest in operatic chorus, led by Antonio Calagone, the tenore robusto.

Grabbing their trunks and suit cases they started for the street end of the pier singing an Italian version of the Declaration of Independence containing the sentiment that all Italian opera singers were created equal. The second cabin port & Holt liner rushed after the second cabin with the manager of the company and halted them. Meanwhile the time for the ship to sail had passed by several minutes.

The protesters were told that the resources of the company were limited and that somebody would have to go second cabin if the company expected to reach Brazil with all its costumes. The tenore robusto and others said they would stay right here and open an opera house of their own.

They were told that they would not be permitted to do this, in fact that they had no right to land in New York at all and Ellis Island would get them if they did not watch out. All aliens in transit, the agents of the line pointed out, were likely to be held up and returned to the country where they came from, originally if they attempted to land at an American port.

The result of the conference between the agents and the Italian singers was that they decided to take the ship, which had been delayed an hour.

Manager Cecchini said his company had made a very successful tour of Mexico even after the revolution. They were held up several times on their way to Vera Cruz by bandits and companies of armed men who called themselves Madonistas. The bandits and the Madonistas at first showed a tendency to rob the Italians, but abandoned the attempt when the manager explained that they were just simple opera singers. Thereupon the bandits and the Madonistas would forego the coin provided the company unpacked and delivered a few bandit operas. "Fra Diavolo" was the favorite. The company was surprised to receive a handful of coin from each bandit. The chief of the bands authorized the collections. It was almost as good, the manager said, as playing to audiences that laugh at the opera.

Signor Antonio Calagone, the tenore robusto, clad all in white, came down to the pier dragging his trunk. He said he had the theatricals to pay for his transportation across the East River from the Ward Line wharf on which the company had come from Vera Cruz, but that he feared to trust the trunk to any stranger and he had in it nothing but musical instruments. He could not think of anybody handling even when in a trunk.

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